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ESSAYS · POETRY

Max adds to his collected works

AND EVEN NOW. By Max Beerbohm.
London: Wm. Heinemann.

Reviewed by SAMUEL ROTH.

At about the time when the first flush of the Nineties faded on the yellow bush Mr. Max Beerbohm, aged twenty-five, as though to coax the last days of a sadly expiring century, published his Collected Works. It never occurred to any one to see a serious design in this profoundly humorous gesture, and when a few years later another slender volume entitled "More" made its appearance good literary people regarded it as the continuation of the whim of a very delightful young man. No, not even Max himself realizes how true, if intentionally facetious, was the symbolism of the "Collected Works": for with the closing of the Nineteenth Century closed the book of Time for Max Beerbohm who was conceived in and even now belongs entirely to the Nineties—to the old age of a century of gigantic self-assurance and boastfulness grown a little shy and modest in its last days through its whimsical recorder.

The Nineties passed; the nineteenth century passed, but Max is proof even against Death. "Yet Again" followed "More" to remind the world that Mr. Beerbohm, though still with the dead Nineties, was himself delightfully alive. Followed some stories and cartoons. Max was flippant enough to pretend to be interested in such entirely modern people as Sir Herbert Asquith and Mr. John Masefield, but by drawing them he was merely throwing a veil over them—a playful but not very useful thing to do. And on the cover of his new book, issued only in England, where one looks for the title of the book, you read "And Even Now."

What a strange, beautiful fellow! It never matters what he chooses to write about. It may be only on remembering a single line. "Down below, the sea rustled to and fro over the shingle." Or on having picked up a book of sample letters for people who have difficulty with their correspondence. He remembers seeing a ridiculously draped statue on an obscure point of the Italian seacoast with as much spirit as a certain visit to Swinburne. These two incidents and the Tischbein-Goethe incident are the most delightful things in the book. But there is the danger of saying such drastic things. The clergyman whom he drags out of Boswell is not a whit less funny.

How Goethe went to Italy and made the friendship of Tischbein is a matter of common knowledge. But why, inquires Max, did not Tischbein ever finish his portrait of Goethe? It could not have been because he was not in working humor. "He did crowds of heroes in helmets looked down at by gods in clouds; he did centaurs leaping ravines; Sabine women, sieges of Troy. And he did this portrait of Goethe. At least he began it. Why didn't he finish it?" As Goethe was one of the most fascinating men of his time the conclusion Max comes to is rather whimsical. Tischbein tired of Goethe's society and fairly ran away from him!

But this is incredible, as incredible as the story of the "Mabled King." "I didn't know it was a statue," "I had made by night the short journey from Genoa to this place by the sea; and, driving along the coast road to the hotel that had been recommended I passed what in the twilight looked like nothing but an elderly woman mounted on a pedestal and gazing out seaward—a stout, elderly, lonely woman in a poke bonnet, indescribable except by that old Victorian term 'a party.' And this statue of King Umberto must forever remain veiled in this ridiculous fashion because the town council cannot decide on a place where its permanent stay will not be disputed." Max is not very much outraged by the appearance of the statue; indeed, he thinks it would be a good thing if a law were passed decreeing that all the statues in London be redraped. "Let an inventory be taken of the statues. Let it be submitted to Lord Rosebery, and he be asked to tick off all those statesmen, poets, philosophers and other personages about whom he would wish to orate. Then let the list be passed on to other orators, until every statue on it shall have its particular spokesman. Then let the dates for the various unveilings be appointed. If there be four or five unveilings every week, I conceive that the whole list will be exhausted in two years or so. And the enjoyment of the reported speeches will not be the less keen because I can so well imagine them."

But the more I think of it the more I believe that the clergyman out of Boswell is the most remarkable incident in the book. "Fragmentary, pale, momentary," Max describes him; "almost nothing; glimpsed and gone, as it were, a faint human hand thrust up, never to reappear, from beneath the rolling waters of time." Nothing is told of him but that once, abruptly, he asked a question, and received an answer.

"This was an afternoon of April 7, 1778, at Streatham, in the well-appointed house of Mr. Thrale. Johnson on the morning of that day had entertained Boswell at breakfast in Bolt Court, and invited him to dine at Thrale Hall. The two took coach and arrived early. It seems that Sir John Pringle had asked Boswell to ask Johnson 'what were the best English sermons for style.' Boswell suggested Atterbury. Johnson: Yes, Sir, one of the best. Boswell: Tillotson? Johnson: Why, not now. I should not advise any one to imitate Tillotson's style. Boswell: I like Ogden's Sermons on Prayer very much, both for

neatness of style and subtlety of reasoning. Johnson: I should like to read all that Ogden has written. Boswell: What I want to know is what sermons afford the best specimen of English pulpit eloquence. Johnson: We have no sermons addressed to the passions that are good for anything; if you mean that kind of eloquence, a Clergyman, whose name I do not recollect: Were not Dodd's sermons addressed to the passions? Johnson: They were nothing, sir, be they addressed to what they may."



Max Beerbohm. By Carlo Fornaro.

"I know not," adds the distressed Max, which is the more startling—the debut of the unfortunate clergyman or the instantaneousness of his end." Max lingers a while on this incident and his sense of pity and his sense of irony march together in order like comrades at arms.

I will here make a confession. Though I have read Boswell's book several times I cannot recollect this incident. And after reading this extract in Max's new book I took down my Boswell and began hunting for it. Maybe it is simply that the passage eludes me. But until Max tells me the exact page on which I can find the

Songs that sing themselves

AS THE LARKS RISE. By Theodosia Garrison. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Reviewed by CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

Those who are fond of saying that there is no poetry published in the magazines must have missed the authentic lines of Theodosia Garrison during the last decade. Her Irish songs, particularly, have sung their way into the hearts of thousands of admiring readers, and have become part of our lyric language. Three volumes from Mrs. Garrison's prolific pen have hitherto been issued, and now comes a fourth stimulating group of poems, with the delectable title, "As the Larks Rise." Herein will be found the best and noblest of this genuine singer's output during the last two or three years, and she has culled with discretion.

The same firm touch, the same deep understanding of homely and beautiful things, is evident; but one senses a richer quality in every poem, a mellowness that is warm and vibrating and splendid. It is robust singing, always; and never is there a false note. The popularity of Mrs. Garrison is easy to comprehend. She says the things we all think of—but cannot utter. A syndicate could make of her, were she willing, another Ella Wheeler Wilcox—but a sublimated Mrs. Wilcox. Here is a surer grasp of her technique than ever the older poet possessed; and she has a more piercingly beautiful strain. There is heartbreak in many a flowing line; but also there is a high optimism—not the foolish, easy all's-right-with-the-world point of view; but a sane, healthy, valiant outlook on life that thrills while it uplifts.

Of all the women writing verse to-day none stands higher than Mrs. Garrison. She has poise, and dignity, and faith. Also she has emotion, and everything that she produces seems to be the natural outpouring of her soul. She is like a nightingale that sings because it must; and her followers have been quick to catch the spontaneity of her songs and rejoice whenever they are given utterance.

Her themes are varied. A passionate lover of Nature in her many manifestations, Mrs. Garrison can carol of November or spring, and is touched by the evanescent beauty of the world. But when she strikes the human note she reveals her true strength and her finest feelings, and therefore achieves the best results. Some of her love songs will live in the anthologies, along with those of Sara Teasdale

incident (mine is the two volume Oxford edition) I shall have very grave doubts, though these doubts do not mar a bit my enjoyment of the affair. Supposing Swinburne and Watts-Dunton were not two real old men, but inventions of the head of Max Beerbohm the incident of "No. 2, The Pines" would not be any the less fascinating. It is the record of Beerbohm's first meeting with the poet and his extraordinary host.

"On the day appointed," writes Max, "I came as one whose feet half

of an old romance about as well as any one writing to-day.

It has been said of this singer that if she has one fault it is her inability to make a discord; that she is so evenly good that sometimes she grows monotonous. I do not feel that way about her at all. Thank heaven for some one who cares definitely enough for her poems to put the best she can, always, into them. She does not limp; she is not of the *vers libre* school. Perhaps she has not genius; but she is very dear to the gods, at any rate, and her fine talent stands head and shoulders above the crowd of little singers who infest the earth. In a poem like "The Healed Ones" Mrs. Garrison touches the heights, I think: Should I win to paradise (since even sinners enter there), I shall not seek the high saints with their golden wings. But I shall seek the humble ones, the healed ones that centre there. Who followed through all gratitude the love that made them whole.

He who once was blind shall tell me of his sight again. Tell me of the glory that flooded land and sea. When across his opened eyes surged in golden light again. The yellow sands—the blue waves—the sun of Galilee.

I shall not seek the martyrs, the stanch souls victorious. Those who won to ecstasy from fagot and from rod. But I shall seek the simple folk in no fashion glorious. The broken straws of mankind that proved the winds of God.

He who once was dumb shall tell me his first word again; He who long was helpless shall tell his joy to me. When first his bonds were broken and his bound limbs stirred again— He shall tell me of the word and touch that made him free.

Never saint nor martyr, when heaven opened wide to him, Knew a greater joy than those whom I shall seek therefore; And a little lad shall tell me what first his mother cried to him, When he who humped out sighing, ran shouting through the door.

Other of her songs cry out for composers to set them to music, so filled are they with melody all their own. This is by far Mrs. Garrison's best book—the peak, thus far, of her notable achievement; and it should have a wide and lasting circulation.

"The Uncollected" is the title under which Doubleday, Page & Co. will publish, shortly, those of Whitman's unpublished manuscripts and writings which have never before been brought together in book form. This is a two volume book, collected and edited by Prof. Emory Holloway, an authority on the poet's work. Prof. Holloway has had access to the manuscripts and other material of Whitman's executors, Bucke, Traubel and Harned, all of which is now sealed in the Library of Congress, and in his biographical introduction has cast a new light upon the New Orleans episode, as well as other periods in the poet's life, which have remained a mystery to his biographers.

The volumes contain all of Whitman's magazine and newspaper articles, including those collected in Brooklyn, manuscript notebooks and the full manuscript of "Franklin Evans," the temperance novel which Walt wrote for the New York World.

Paul Van Dyke, professor of history in Princeton University, has just completed a biography of Catherine de Medici, Queen of France, which represents fifteen years' labor. Charles Scribner's Sons will publish the work.

Books of the week

- Fiction.**
A CHAIR ON THE BOULEVARD—By Leonard Merrick. With an introduction by A. Neil Lyons. Dutton.
MY ORIENT PEARL—By Charles Colton. John Lane.
NEBO: AN AFRICAN MONOGRAM—By J. H. Spetzie. John Lane.
THE SECOND MRS. CLAY—By Katharine Haviland Taylor. Doubleday, Page.
THE DUDE WRANGLER—By Caroline Lockhart. Doubleday, Page.
THE PAGAN MADONNA—By Harold MacGrath. Doubleday, Page.
THE GOLDEN WINDMILL AND OTHER STORIES—By Stacy Aumonier. Macmillan.
THE FLOCKMASTER OF POISON CREEK—By G. W. Ogden. A. C. McClurg.
BOUNCING BET—By Joselyn Gray. Scribner.
THE FIRE BRIGADERS—By Francis Lynde. Scribner.
Biography.
RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE—By Augustin Filon. Funk & Wagnalls.
History and Public Affairs.
DENMARK: A COOPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH—By Frederic C. Howe. Harcourt, Brace.
AMERICA AND THE RACE FOR WORLD DOMINION—By A. Demaree. Translated by Arthur Bartlett Maurice. Doubleday, Page.
THE FIFTH ARMY IN MARCH, 1918—By W. Shaw Sparrow. With an introduction by Gen. Sir Hubert Gough. John Lane.
CREOLE FAMILIES OF NEW ORLEANS—By Grace King. Macmillan.
Drama.
THE TEMPEST. The Cambridge Shakespeare—Edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and John Dover Wilson. Macmillan.
THE EMPEROR JONES, DIFFERENT AND THE STRAW—By Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright.
Philanthropy.
SYMPATHY AND SYSTEM IN GIVING—By Elwood Street. A. C. McClurg.
Satire.
THE NURSERYMYSTOGRAPH—By a Lawyer. With illustrations by a Parson and Sillystrations by a Sergeant-Major. John Lane.
Travel.
MACEDONIA: A PLEA FOR THE PRIMITIVE—By A. Goff and Hugh A. Fawcett. John Lane.
Verses.
THE BLUE SHIP—By Herbert Jones. John Lane.
A SOUL'S FARING—By Muriel Strode. Boni & Liveright.
POBMS NEW AND OLD—By John Freeman. Harcourt, Brace.
THE GOLDEN ISLAND—By Emma Kenyon Parrish. James T. White & Co.
Psychical Research.
DEATH AND ITS MYSTERY: BEFORE DEATH—Proofs of the Existence of the Soul—By Camille Flammarion. Century.
Essays and Criticism.
STUDIES OF A LITTERATEUR—By George Edward Woodberry. Harcourt, Brace.
LITERARY MEMOIRS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—By George Edward Woodberry. Harcourt, Brace.
APPRECIATION OF LITERATURE—By George Edward Woodberry. Harcourt, Brace.
RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN EUROPEAN THOUGHT—Essays arranged and edited by F. S. Marvin. Oxford University Press.
Miscellaneous.
YOUNG POLKS' ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF ETIQUETTE—By Nella Braddy. Doubleday, Page.
LANDSCAPE GARDENING—By Andrew Jackson Downing. Revised by Frank A. Waugh. John Wiley & Sons.
BASKETBALL: A HANDBOOK FOR COACHES AND PLAYERS—By Charles Dieby Wardlaw and Whitehead Reid Morrison. Scribner.
NOTES ON BOXING—Issued by the U. S. C. Macmillan.
THE ENGLISH FLOWER GARDEN AND HOME GROUNDS—By William Robinson. Scribner.

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